TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.-NO. 47.

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1901, PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

Printed Every Tuesday and Friday

Bank Row, North Side Court House,

Vehicle Talk:

There is not a more complete or handsomer stock of vehicles o every description in Kentucky than we are offering for your inspection now. It comprises everything, in the most liberal sease of the word We wish all special attention to our stock of DEPOT WAGONS. OPEN WAGONS and STANHOPES. It will pay you can call and in-

Rubber Tires:

In this advanced age no vehicle is complete without RUBBER TIRES. We have the latest improved machines for putting on the Hartford and Goodyear 2-Wire tire. No more coming off. Riding will be made a comfort to you and your vehicle will last twice as long. Come in and investigate.

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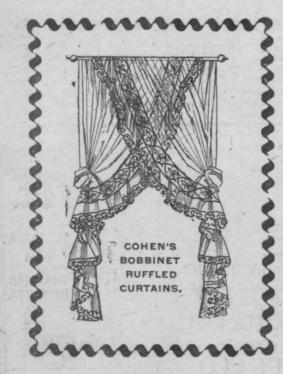
Farm Implements:

it is lepartment is I tocked. You can find everything that the farmer needs in this line. Vulcan Plows, Deering Harvesters, Etc. And we want to call your special attention to the Tornado Disc Harrow: there is no better hrow on the market.

Field Seeds:

You need look no further for anything you need in the seed line: Just tell us what you want and we have it. We have also Seed Sowers of every make.

THERE IS NOTHING



THAT YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR HOUSE THAT WILL ADD TO ITS APPEARANCE AND FRESHEN IT UP AS MUCH AS NICE, NEW

Lace Curtains.

And did you know that I am showing the largest and most complete and cheapest line ever brought to Paris. All the new things. New ideas in hanging. Come in and inspect the line. It will cost you nothing to look.

Also New Line of Oriental Draperiss! New Wall Paper and Carpets.

J. T. HINTON.

GEMS IN VERSE.

ers sing
From 'crost the woods an medders where the honeysuckles swing.

It jest runs in the family fer me to take my ease,
Fer I wuz born a brother to the blossoms an the

John Clark Ridpath To the lorn ones who loved him first and best And knew his dear love at its tenderest, We seem akin—we simplest friends who knew His fellowship, of heart and spirit, too:

We who have known the happy summertide Of his ingenious nature, glorified With the inspiring smile that ever lit The carnest face and kindly strength of it;

His presence, all-commanding, as his thought Into unconscious eloquence was wrought Until the utterance became a spell, That awed us as a spoken miracle.

Learning to-him was native—was in truth.

The earliest playmate of his lisping youth,
Likewise throughout a life of toil and stress,
It was as laughter, health-and happiness; And so he played with it—joyed at its call— Ran rioting with it, forgetting all Delights of childhood, and of age and fame— A devotee of learning, still the same.

In fancy, even now we catch the glance Of the rapt eye and radiant countenance, As when his discourse, like a woodland stream, Flowed musically on from theme to theme:

He worshiped as their high divinity— Nor did his reverent spirit find one thing On earth too lowly for his worshiping.

The weed, the rose, the wildwood or the plain,
The teeming harvest, or the blighted grain—
All—all were fashioned beautiful and good,
As the soul saw the senses understood.

Thus broadly based, his spacious faith and love Unfolded all below as all above— Nay, e'en if overmuch he loved mankind, He gave his love's vast largesso as designed.

Therefore in fondest, faithful service, he Wrought ever bravely for humanity— Stood first of heroes for the Right allied— Foes, even, grieving, when (for them) he died.

This was the man we loved—are loving yet, And still shall love while longing eyes are wet With selfish tears that well were brushed away, Personnia in which were brushed away,

For, even as-we knew him, smiling still, For, even as we knew him, sunting sun, somewhere beyond all earthly ache or ill He waits, with the old welcome. Just as when We met him smiling, we will meet again.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Compensation.

Who fails to sow for fear that he Shall not be here to reap
Must lie in bleak obscurity
Through all his final sleep.
The bard who sang long, long ago,
When no one leat an ear,
Sang on for love of singing, though
They scoffed who chanced to hear.
Today men seek his grave and bow
Beside his monument.
We laud the noble poet now
Who couldn't pay his rent.

Who idly stands and shakes his head

Who idly stands and shakes his head and sighs and murmurs: "No!

Ere reaping time I shall be dead;
Why bother, then, to sow?"
For him no shaft shall ever rise
To claim the pilgrim's gaze;
No love shall center where he lies,
No honor crown his days!
Who plants has hope, and, though he may
Not see the fruitful fall,
He has foreseen a glorious day
And triumphs, after all.

Honor the Flags. Honor the Flags.

Those tattered shreds that hang
Close to the staff with scarce enough to see
Flaunted their colors on the battle line,
Snapped in deflance to the screaming shells.
Those are the flags for which the thousands died,
Saluting, ere their hands grew stiff in death,
And every stitch is soaked with soldiers' blood.

Honor the flags
As silently they pass,
Each with a drema hidden in its shreds.

Honor the flags;
Uncover all your heads.

Honor the men.

Those faded forms you see
Charged in the glare of roaring batteries,
Fought on the line across the shot ribbed fields,
Bearing the standards on to victory,
Heedless the price they paid with useful men,
Fearless of death and gaping, poisoned wounds,
Seeing alone the cause for which they fought.
Honor the men
As silently they pass,
Each with the memory of a victory won.
Honor the men,
Honor the flags;
Both mark an awful duty nobly done.

—Robert Jordan.

He Lets It Go at That. And new ones every day—
That I confess I stand perplexed
And watch them with dismay,
And yet one has to make folks think
He has them all down pat,
So I read what the critics say
And let it go at that.

There are so many magazines,
Each better than the rest,
That I can never find the time
To find out which is best.
I really cannot read them all
And do my work, that's flat,
And so I look the pictures through
And let it go at that.

There are so many newspapers,
Bad ones and good ones, too,
That one to do them justice must
Have nothing else to do.
However, one must know just where
This whirling world is at.
So I just glance the headlines through.
And let it go at that.
Somerville Journal

Of all the richest gifts on earth, Better than wealth or royal birth, Greater than eleveness or skill,— Genius bright or strength of will, Better t'an fame or power immense Art thou—plain, simple Common Se

The power of kings doth soon decay;
The misdirected gifts of mind
Reap nothing, for they "sow the wind;"
Great fame and earnestness intense
Grow pale without thee, Common Sense.

Ah, Common Sense, rule thou my life, Direct me during peace or strife,
For if o'er me thy spell be cast,
Success I'll gain and wealth to last.
With many things I could dispense,
But not with thee, blest Common Sense.

—F. E. Turver in Buffalo News.

William Woodard, of Decatur, Ia., writes: "I have been troubled with kidney disease, for several years and four one dollar size bottles of Foley's Kidney cure cured me. I would recommend it to anyone who has kidney trouble."—Clarke & Kenney.

CLOTHING - CLEANED **THOMAS BROS.,

Are prepared to promptly dye, clean, press and repair clothing in a satisfactory manner at reasonable prices. They ask your patronage. nov23-1yr,

OSITE HOTEL, WINDSOR

MANZI

ca, rode to the Matoppo hills and did not pull rein till be entered a marrow defile leading into these gloomy fastnesses. Skirting to the right, he crossed some open ground, traversed anoth-

small circular kopje. Having knee haltered his pony, he began to ascend by a narrow zigzag path thickly fringed with sagebushes. He was only half way up when there was a faint rustle in the bush, a pair of soft, bare arms were thrown around his neck, and a rich, musical voice eried gayly, "Saku bona, um koos pambo mi intombi" ("Wel-

come, my lord, thy slave salutes thee").

"By Jove, Manzi," cried Jack in Ma- stahrs, tabele, "you quite startled me. Well, how goes it, little girl?" he added as he led the way to the neat, straw plaited foot diming table was cleared, save for kopje and which had been their labor stretched across the middle. of love to construct. Manzi-or Mananzi (lit., "rippling water")—was very beau-tiful. In her veins flowed the blood of the old Portuguese explorers who once swept across Africa, and from them she had inherited the perfect aquiline features and oval contour of the sunny south, while the savage blood which intermingled in her body showed itself in her graceful, undulating carriage

of her skin. She was barely 16, and, being unmarried, her long black hair floated about her rounded shoulders instead of being piled up in the hideous, clay smeared sugar loaf which distinguishes the Matabele matron. "Dear lord," said Manzi, kissing the strong, freckled hand she held in hera, "thy slave is troubled. Three times

ed that the Great Spirit came and call-"The Great Spirit will not take thee away from me." And he drew her clos-

within the last moon hath she dream-

. "By Tam Tamson's soo, cornel, I canna hand these yellow blackguairds ' mine much longer!" So spake Comnandant Robertson, the chief of the Cape boy corps, a grizzled, steel eyed, hard bitten, soft hearted old Scotch- when hit by the parchment sided bat- She fluing herself on the body, kissed hard bitten, soft hearted old Scotchman, to whom the scent of battle was as the perfumes of Arcady. Colonel Plumer smiled at the speaker and rapidly reviewed the situation in his mind. Since dawn he had been hammering away at the huge beetling mass of stone and granite in front of him. The seven pounders had vomited shrapnel and common shell until the

ready to drop.
"Robertson," said Colonel Plumer, 'you can have a try. We'll be ready support you if necessary,"

"Aye, aye, cornel, there'll be nae need for that. Ser-r-geant major!" he to hit. shouted, cheerly moving off to his yel-low blackguards, whom he knew so "Oh, sir, may I go with him?" begged

away from the transport office."

Colonel Plumer smiled good naturedly at the eager, boyish face and called

after the retreating commandant: "Here, Robertson, here's a young fire eater for you. Can you make use of

"Oo, aye, cornel. Come along, laddie.

As Jack and two or three Cape boys scaled a huge obstructing bowlder they found themselves on a broad, natural ledge, from the farther side of which oomed the dark mouth of a cave.

"Come on, lads! Rout the beggars both sides. out!" cried Jack, and he charged into

A dark form rose up to meet him. His sword flashed on high, but remained as if transfixed as a well remem- that." bered voice murmured: "Saku bona, um koos pambo mi in

tombi!" "Stop, stop, you devils!" yelled Jack, but he was too late. The Cape boys, maddened with the blood lust and perhaps deceived by the dim light of the cave, swept past him, and their bayonets met in Manzi's breast. With a choking cry she sank to the ground. "Um koos, um bania koos" ("My lord, my dear lord"), she murmured

faintly and fell back lifeless.

With a snarl like a wounded beast, Jack Manton hurled himself on the slayers. For a few brief minutes the ried. quiet cavern was a raging inferno of whirling bayonets, whistling bullets and the short, deep sobs of men fight-ing for their lives—and then all was

The commandant, attracted by the firing and having successfully swept the ping pong balls.—King, the kopje, proceeded to the cave and entered. The hot afternoon sun was shining directly on the cavern and gild-ed the gray black walls with a warm,

world. For the one in the Theological library in New York \$15,000 was paid. time during its career it sold for \$19,500. Bernard Quariteh, the London ook dealer, paying that for it in 1884. Later it was sold to Rev. William Ma-kellar of Edinburgh, and when his Ifkellar of Edinburgh, and when his li-brary was broken up Quaritch bought it again for \$14,750 for the Chelsea Men will pass their lives is the enjoy-Square library in New York.—Munsey's

Eczema, saltrheum, tetter, chafing. ivy poisoning and ell skin tortures are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The certain pile cure.—W. T.

Notice To The Public.

Buck Freeman, the up-to-date barber can always be found and will remain in his barber shop on Main street, ready to wait on you. Call and try his bath rooms, Everything at his shop is strictly first-class.

PING PONG. BILLY SIMTH.

"Isn't the weather awful?" said Maisie. "I couldn't get a cab or anything at

the station, so I had to walk." "I suppose you're a bit damp?"
"Just a trifle." My hat had made a "Oh, I'm dreadfully bored. Do make

"Oh, I'm dreadfully bored. Do make haste and get those wet things off. I want you to play ping poing with me."
"What on earth is that?"
"You don't know?" she asked incredulously. "Oh, hurry up."
And I did. Maisie is always charming. I had not seen her for several mooths, and I had had something on my mind for a considerable time. She

my mind for a considerable time. was waiting for me as I came down

hut perched on a natural ledge of the a tiny net seven or eight inches high "What's that for?" I asked.
"Ping pong," she laughed.

"No, it's English. Sust like tennis." "Well?"

"You've got to play." "But I don't like tennis," I remon-I think it's a finicky game.

"I'm going to teach you ping pong," and the warm, sun kissed, brown tints she replied. I succumbed. "Very well," I murmured. She gave me a ridiculous little bat-

tledore with parchment sides. "You don't know how to play tempis,

you, Maisie," I remonstrated. "Afterward, if you are a good boy."

Then the excitement began. Do you know ping pong? You play with celluloid balls and battledores on a table instead of a tennis court. The

My first ball went straight for the portrait of one of Maisie's ancestors. I was alarmed, but Maisle only laughed.

"You hit too hard," she said. I tried gentler methods and succeeded in hitting the ceiling and almost everything in the room, but in vain did I endeavor to return the balls into Majnuzzles glowed and the gunners were sle's court or side of the table.

I have the reputation of being agood slogger at cricket. The little balls; new about like builets, and Maisle bobbed every now and then to let them pass her head. At last I had no more belle

"Now you must gather them," said Maisie. "I think you're improving?" I smiled and crawled beneath chairs, "Oh, sir, may I go with him?" begged
Jack Manton, springing forward. "It's
the first time I've been able to get
those balls rolled to. When I emerged,

I doot ye'll hae your wame full o' I believe I improved, for I almost feehtin afore this nicht's dune. Ser-- won the next game, and then Maiste passed me and just crept up to the end. "Confound it?" I said and broughtimy battledore down on the corner of the

"Oh!" shricked Maisie, pointing to "Oh!" shrieked Maisle, pointing to my weapon. There was a gash through ly on, and the awful extent of the ca-

"I'm afraid I've broken it," I apolo-"And I haven't got another," said Maisie,

Maisle kept on winning, and we came to the last game of the set. I was

"Love-40." called Maiste. I put down my battledore. "I'll give you this game," I said. "You're beaten," she laughed.
"On this condition," I added, ignoring

her retort, "that as you have the you'll let me have the love." She laughed, but a tinge of red suffused her cheeks.

"You agree?" I asked. "You'll learn ping pong?" she par-

"When you beat me"— she started. "Well?" I stretched out my hand. "Then you can ask me again." And she ran out of the room. Maisie is almost as exasperating as

When the land is contaminated, men the top and laid down. Brandy was should at the time of milking cows let poured down his throat, and by and by

Vishnu should be worshiped in every house with offerings of leaves of tulasi.

Such holy observances will put an end to all pestilential diseases like the bubonic plague, malarial fever, cholera, mentiof health and peace. Nothing else can contribute to the happiness of man-kind.—Calcutta Indian Mirror.

Remick's Eczema Cure and Remick's Pepsin Blood Tonic will oure the most biffinate case. At W. T. Brook.s tf

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Bridge Whist.

I have one of the best established trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready.

CARL CRAWFORD.

The Passenger Department of the C. H. & D. Ry, has just issued a beautiful set of rules on "Bridge Whist." which trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready.

CARL CRAWFORD.

Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

There was an explosion in a mine. Rescue parties were made up. The men ahrank back from the cage. A big stoon, lanky fellow came forward He had wandered into the village half a dozen years before, with a dirty, limping cur at his heels. When he was selected his parties were a line parties of the parties of th

Imping cur at his heels. When he was asked his name, he said it was only Billy nothing more. So they stuck Smith to the Billy because it was easy and rigged him out with a full name, "Haud the pup," he said quietly "and let me gae doon." An elderly wo man who had three sons in the piblessed him, with tears streaming down her cheeks, while the men stood back abashed and helf ashamed. Billy was lowered quickly, and in a few me was lowered quickly, and in a few momenta-it seemed like an eternity to the wailing women above—he signaled for the cage to be brought up. It carried three men and a boy, blackened, choking, but unhurt.

A few of the rescue party went down with the cases were party went.

A few of the rescue party went down with the cage again, for the shaft was clearer new, and more of the entombed miners were quickly sent to the top. Then the horrors of the scene began to present themselves. There had been a great upheaval in the mine by the force of the explosion and the passages were hopelessly choked up with tons of fallen coal and debris. More men went to the rescue. They dug their picks into the awful They dug their picks into the awful wall in front of them, urged on by the energy of despair. Night fell, but still the monotonous ring of the picks struck through the mine, which even now was the tomb of many a strong man struck down in his prime. Presently a sort of opening was made into I nodded.

"Ping pong is almost the same," she concluded.

"But I wanted to have a chat with you, Maisle," I remonstrated.

"Afterward, if you are a good boy." "Nonsense, little one," replied Jack.
The Great Spirit will not take thee way from me." And he drew her closher.

And she smiled so sweetly that I drophed to death by the fire dampher.

And he drew her closher. "Look, you've droppedit," she called quickly, and I returned erestfallen.

Then the overland in the day near the pft and in the biackness of the night the fickering lights of the lamps shed fevertable as They had been married only a month

> limp, lifeless hands as she cried out: "Speak to me, John! For God's sake speak to me!" As the rescuers in the mine dug farther into the opening they had made the deadly fire damp rushed through and drove them back. The fatal fumes pursued them, and they hurriedly gave the signal to be drawn up till the pit could be cleared of the foul air. Only half witted Billy Smith remained. You see, he did not know much. He flung himself on the damp ground and lay there for hours, helpless and half con-

the poor blackened face and patted the

By and by his dull intelligence told him of the buried miners in deir living tomb beyond. He took up a pick and dug, dug, dug, slowly at first, but some God given feeling within him prompted him to persistently work. For seven hours he dug on till the ring of his pick "Now you must try/and win the next reached the entombed men. Sweeter "Afterward," she smiled.

Ping pong evidently produced enthu
"Afterward," she smiled.

Ping pong evidently produced enthuwas left large enough for a man's bod to pass through. Day was breaking at the plt mouth when the weary, wretched watchers there were startled to receive a signal for the cage. It was quickly lowered and came up presently with a grewsome collection of limbs that had been tornoff dead bodies and living men. lamity was soon discovered. A dozen and as each pit load reached the mouth I haven't got another," said the rescued miners were selzed by their "so you must play on with rilends and impried off to the village

public house. Soon the sounds of rev. elry swept down to the pit mouth where wornout, broken hearted women stood waiting for their dead and strong miners were drawn up the shaft in a pitiable state. Some had had their arms or legs torn off, others had lost their heads, while more had their faces so blackened that the scorched skin peeled off at a touch. Suddenly somebody in the crowd oried, "Where's Bfilly Smith?" Nobody knew, and two good natured miners volunteered to go down the shaft to see if he had been burt in the mine. They searched perfunctorily enough, for they did not suppose that he had en left behind. But a faint moan

reached their ears from among the debris, which had fallen near the hole that had been battered in for the rescue of the eutombed miners. They cleared the rubbish away quickly and pulled out a man. Yes, it was Billy. He had dug his own grave. He was hauled to should at the time of milking cows let the milk fall directly on the ground and hiding the ghastly wounds beneath. Around him in all the unlovely attitudes of sudden death lay the Cape boys.

Bibles That Are Expensive.

The Mazarin Bibles, as the first editions of the Gutenburg are called, from the fact that one was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, are the most expensive printed books in the world. For the one in the Theological library in New York \$15,000 was paid.

Should at the time of milking cows let the milk fall directly on the ground and moister it. They should also fast.

They should also fast.

Deeds of charity and sacrifices in behalf of ancestors should be performed in every house, village and city. For "impicty is the root of all diseases."

So says Charaka, the highest authority in medical science.

The observance of these good rules will create in men a kind of psychic force which will purify the tained soil, water, etc., and render them who some.

Vishnu should be worshiped in every gloomily.

"Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it doesn't un-derstand that expansion and contraction are contradictory terms." "They aren't always," said the professor of economics quietly. "Now, in my classes I find it necessary to state explicitly the fact that the constant contraction of debts is sure to result in their expansion."—Youth's Campanion,

Notice To Our Customers.

There is a current report to the effect hat we have quit business, which is Apply to Mrs. T. Porter Smith.

We still carry on business at the old thand in the rear of the Court house.

Any one wishing a first-class job made to order we will be pleased to made for them.

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Brass and Iron Beds have many points which recommend them. They are handsome, beatiful, easily kept clean and EASY BOUGHT.

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with \$100 worth of comfort. This is bigger odds than you can get on a horse race and

We have Oxford Ties for men, women and children at prices that will touch your pocketbook lightly. Geo. McWilliams.

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Can be fully supplied at this store. You can rade safely by 'phone—of course, we are glad to welcome you in the store, but if not convenient to come down town, send your orderand it will get careful and prompt attention. We propose to make it to your interest to do your grocery

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